

New Song Library

10¢ | **WW**

**Worker's sing-along book**



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INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD  
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## SONG OF THE SOUP LINE

(Tune: My Bonnie Lies Over The Ocean)

I'm spending my nights in the flop house  
I'm spending my days on the street,  
I'm looking for work and I find none,  
I wish I had something to eat.

Chorus: Soup, soup, they gave me a bowl of soup!  
Soup soup, they gave me a bowl of soup!

I spent twenty years in the factory,  
I did everything I was told,  
They said I was loyal and faithful  
But now I am out in the cold.

I saved fifteen bucks with my banker  
To buy me a car or a yacht,  
I went down to draw out my fortune  
And this is the answer I got:

I fought in a war for my country,  
I went out to bleed and to die,  
I thought that my country would help me  
But this was my country's reply:

I'm sure that when I get up to heaven,  
Saint Peter will let me right in;  
He can tell by the soup I was fed on  
That I was unable to sin!

AY OFF THE BOSS INSTEAD OF THE WORKERS -

## HALLELUJAH! I'M A BUM!

By Haywire Mac McClintock

Chorus: Hallelujah! I'm a bum  
Hallelujah! bum again  
Hallelujah! give us a handout  
To revive us again.

Oh why don't you work like other men do?  
How can I get a job when you're holding down two?  
Why speed up like that till you're ready to fall?  
If you'd slow down a bit there'd be work for us all.

Oh why are you working eight hours or more;  
Two men could have jobs if you only worked four.  
But don't you complain and don't open your eyes  
Don't talk revolution and don't organize.

If you cannot find work and they won't give you bread,  
Get a kind hearted cop to beat off your head.

## LONESOME ROAD BLUES

Chorus: I'm goin' down the road feelin' bad,  
I'm goin' down the road feelin' bad  
I'm goin' down the road feelin' bad, Lord, Lord,  
And I ain't gonna be treated this-a-way.

I ain't got but one lousy dime, (3)  
And I ain't gonna be treated this-a-way.

My kids and I need three square meals a day (3)  
And I ain't gonna be treated this-a-way.

I'm goin' where the water tastes like wine (2)  
This water here it tastes like turpentine. Lord, Lord,  
And I ain't gonna be treated this-a-way.  
(add new verses as you need them)